The Stars and Stripes

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TWO SOLDIERS

The other day permission was asked of an officer in charge of the baggage and packages carried by a train which runs between two important American centers in France, to place aboard some bundles which it was important should be delivered quickly in the various towns through which the train passed. He objected. He "wasn't supposed to haul them," it seemed, and it "made a lot of extra work and trouble for the baggageman."

Appeal and argument finally gained the concession that "if the baggageman wanted to take them it was all right."

The baggageman was a private, and he was sweating at his job of hustling trucks aboard.

"Sure, I'll take 'em," he said. "I don't mind."

On the battle front the United States gives the Medal of Honor to the man who "performs a deed so clearly above and beyond the call of duty that no one could justly blame him for leaving it undone." There isn't any medal for a man in the S.O.S. who performs a job "so clearly above and beyond the call of duty that no one could justly blame him for leaving it undone"; but just the same he is doing a great service for his country.

The perspiring private who took the packages was helping to win the war. The officer who was afraid it would be too much trouble was-n't.

War is about nine-tenths work and one-tenth fighting. If some task helps to win the war—if it just helps to keep things running smoothly in the A.E.F.—it is as noble to perform it as it is to fight. We ought to be glad of the opportunity to do an extra job and proud of its fulfillment. It is for our country.

COGS, NOT CLOGS

Every week or so some one writes us as follows:

"Nobody seems to notice the ——s, although we are doing some of the most important work in the whole A.E.F.

Every one here—be he a stevedore unloading a case of bacon from a newly arrived steamer or a corps commander mapping out a contemplated attack—is doing some of the most important work in the A.E.F., some part which, if left undone, would render the whole intricate mechanism of the military machine impotent and helpless.

If your work wasn't important, you wouldn't be doing it. Don't let apparent "lack of notice" kid you into thinking otherwise.

DEFENSE DE CRACHER

Whether you are ill or well, the Medical Department has to have your cooperation—if you are ill, to cure you; if you are well, to keep you so. Your health in the Army, as never before in your lives, is largely within your own keeping. And any laxity on your part will probably not react so strongly upon you as it will upon your fellow lodgers.

"If it makes you feel more at home to spit, spit right here," reads a notice in one barracks. Have you noticed the universal absence of cuspidors in France? If a whole people can exist, enjoy life, and build up an army that has saved the world at the Marne and at Verdun without spitting into the four corners of the map, cannot we, as brothers in arms, do as much out of mere common politeness, to say nothing of the benefit to our own health?

We have adapted ourselves well to particularly trying conditions, declares our Medical Department. We have still to contract the admirable French habit of not spitting.

Let's go. Thereby we shall take out new health insurance, not so much for ourselves as for our comrades.

JUST LIKE HOME

We get American food. We hear "American" talked all about us, in billets and in line. We get letters from America—sometimes—and American papers occasionally. We rename the streets of our billet villages after those in our home towns. In short, we have made ourselves at home. No, we *are* at home.

It is right that the people who are really at home in our old home should know this. They have an idea, some of them, that we're entirely marooned, surrounded by "furriners," and that we'll come back unable to speak the English language as it is spoken in the United States, unable to digest American "vittles," and hopelessly wedded to French ways and customs—if to nothing else that is French. It is up to us to write and tell them that we *are* at home; and that, being so at home, we are happy.

Harry Lauder summed it up pretty well when he made the young Scots volunteer overseas write back to his old mother in the Highlands:

"Sure, they's piperrrs a-playin' in the morrrnin',
An' auld Scotch chunes is fine;
There's a tartan plaidie buckled on each laddie
As they all wheel into line!
I ean hearrr them praisin' bonny Scotlan',
And singin' o' Scotlan's fame—
So don't greet, dearr,
I'm a richt herrre—
It's just like bin' at haim!"

What goes for Scotland in that song goes for America with us. If we only open our eyes to what is about us, we will see that it is "unco like haim." And having opened our own eyes, it is up to us to see that the good folks we left are kept no longer in the dark about it.

THE TRUCE OF GOD

Cardinal Hartman, Archbishop of the German city of Cologne, persuaded the Pope to intervene and ask that Allied airmen grant "the truce of God" to his city on the day of the feast of Corpus Christi, which this year fell on May 30, the same as our Memorial Day. The announcement by Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, said that the Pope had intervened "with a view to special regard being paid by all the belligerents to Corpus Christi processions."

The French, British and American authorities, though they might well have replied to the German Cardinal's plea by recalling the bombardment of Paris on Good Friday and the demolition of a church and killing of a large number of worshippers therein on that day, acquiesced, and gave assurances that Cologne and other cities in the Rhine valley would be undisturbed. Those assurances were lived up to scrupulously.

Early on the morning of Corpus Christi—of Memorial Day—the German long range artillery began again to bombard Paris. All day long it kept up. One of the objects struck was a church—a church in which that very day the same service had been sung as was sung in protected Cologne.

That the shell did not repeat that damage of Good Friday was no fault of the Hun. Then, to cap the climax and make the holy day a real "feast day" in German eyes, the Hun aviators, shorty before midnight, attempted an aerial raid on Paris.

No one, of course, will be so farfetched in reasoning as to hold Cardinal Hartmann himself responsible for the Huns' breach of faith, since every one knows too well that the godless military masters of Germany go about their work without consulting priest or prelate of any creed or nationality. Still, at this time it is interesting to recall Cardinal Hartmann's approach to Cardinal Mercier, of Belgium, during a consistory in Rome not long ago, and the great Belgian prelate's response.

"We will not speak of war, my brother," said the German cardinal.

"And we, my brother," retorted he of Belgium, "will not speak of peace."

After Corpus Christi, who in all the Christian world will speak of peace with the Hun?

CANTIGNY

"The enemy have taken Cantigny," said the German communiqué that conceded the American success east of Amiens.

It did not say, "The Americans have taken Cantigny."

The American press, in extolling our prowess, has taken pains to show that the stroke is in no way comparable to the great battle that started May 27. The French and British press has found space, even in these eventful days, to bestow upon us genuine and heartfelt praise.

And to fill the cup of encomiums, Germany contributes her little white lie:

"The enemy have taken Cantigny."

SHOWING UP PRIVATE LAZY

"Hello, Bill, how are you? I am fine. How's everything? There's lots I could tell you, but the censor wouldn't let it pass, so what's the use? No more now from your old friend, Private Lazy."

We gather through word from America and through underground connections with the censors' headquarters that much in this fashion run thousands of letters posted every balmy Sunday by the incomplete letter-writers of the A.E.F.

The foregoing sample is furnished just to tip off the home folks to the commonest of all the artful dodges of Private Lazy. They may not know what Private Lazy himself knows very well, that, whereas the censor is a tartar on certain forbidden subjects, there is more than enough stuff every soldier can write and welcome to pack brimful a weekly letter home.

When he would rather sleep or go fishing, it's a low down trick to blame the censor, who gets cussed enough as it is.

ACCORDING TO THE MAN

An enlisted man was walking along the street. Two American officers, a lieutenant and a major, passed him, and he snapped up to a salute. The major returned it absently, mechanically, without looking at the man and without halting his conversation. The lieutenant ducked his head to meet his hand, so that it was impossible for the enlisted man to tell whether the lieutenant was looking at him or not.

The enlisted man walked on. Towards him was coming an American captain. He carried his left arm in a sling and leaned upon a cane. He walked slowly, almost painfully, and his arm was in a sling because a Boche bullet had smashed it.

Again the enlisted man saluted. The convalescing officer crooked his cane over his temporarily useless left wrist, looked the enlisted man square in the eye, and returned the salute.

This time the enlisted man was proud of his Army.

YOUR LIBERTY BONDS

Your Liberty Bonds of the second issue will be paid in full with the deduction of the July allotment. A Government security with a face value of fifty dollars, one hundred dollars—perhaps two or three such securities—will become your own property.

That monthly allotment of five, ten or more dollars will go back into your pay.

If you want to, you can sell your bonds and buy as many silk handkerchiefs with Allied flags embroidered on them as you care to.

If you want to, you can leave the bonds where they are and have that much of a nest egg—worth a few dollars more and with interest attached—when you go home.

Where It Comes From

YOU hear of Liberty Loans that are oversubscribed to the tune of $1,700,000,000.

You hear of Red Cross drives that aim for $100,000,000 and achieve $133,000,000.

You hear of a drive made by the Knights of Columbus for $2,500,000 from the city of New York which realized $5,000,000 from Catholic and Protestant and Jew.

You hear of cities that not only go over the quota assigned them by the Liberty Loan committee, but do it with 250 per cent. You hear of churches that are assigned $35,000 as their share to be raised for a war philanthropy, and proceed to raise $65,000.

You read in the papers how one financier gives a million outright to the Red Cross; another half a million; another a quarter of a million, and so forth. You read how great banks and corporations subscribe for blocks and blocks of Liberty Bonds, running the total way up into the millions. But—take all those great contributions and subscriptions, add them together, and see what a pitifully small amount of the whole they really were.

Where does the money that is back of you come from, then, if the great folks' outpouring comes to so little? The answer is, it comes from everybody—from everybody of low and high degree, but mainly from those of low degree, from those to whom the gift or the loan means real deprivation, real sacrifice for the sake of an ideal.

READ this letter, from a poor woman living in the Bronx, New York, to the Liberty Loan committee of the city:

"I support myself and my two children by taking home washing. I took a loan of $200 for myself on the other loan, and now I am paying for $200 for the children to the Produce Exchange Bank, Manhattanville branch. Please don't put my children's names in the slackers' lists. I say this, being that my children received a card from your office this morning requesting them to make a payment on their Liberty Loan.

"I have just made that payment. I regret having put you to so much trouble, but, please, everything is all right, so don't put my little ones on the slackers' list. And I got three of my neighbors to take a loan, but I don't take any credit for that if only you will overlook my delay on my children's account and not make it appear my children are slackers. I have paid for my children's loan, and so they are not slackers."

HERE is a letter from another woman:

"In reply to Liberty bond postal, I am letting you know that I am a working woman, go out to work every day of the week, except Sunday, for which I get $5 a week and meals. I have also volunteered in the canteen of Staten Island, in which I am now a member, have also got a son who is in the Signal Corps of New Jersey now, but he has been in the service of Uncle Sam over three years already, got his honorable discharge, but reenlisted, but still I thought I was not doing enough and I bought a Liberty bond at $1 a week from my wages of $5 a week."

She "thought she was not doing enough"—to lend to her country and its cause a whole fifth of that meager wage! But read on:

"I hope from the bottom of my heart it will be a little help to Uncle Sam. I know it is not much, but it is the best I can do at the present time for my country, and if everybody would do same, I am sure we would win out. Yours trudy, ——.

"P.S.—Daughter of a veteran of Civil War, who is still alive and is 77 years old and has not as yet rec'd a pension from the Govt. He has also instructed his grandchildren to honor and to fight for their country from the time they were first able to walk."

THAT is the written testimony of the devotion of the humble folk, the common people of America that Lincoln loved and understood so well, to the cause for which you are striving—the testimony they themselves have written. Among them, in their homes during the canvasses for funds to be applied to your safety and comfort, the same thing occurs, over and over again.

This is the story of a canvasser for one of those funds:

"One evening an old man came in answer to our knock. He looked us over critically as we stated our business, and then yelled to some one, 'Will I let them in, Maggie?' Maggie consented. We entered, and a few minutes later made our exit with a crisp ten spot.

"THEN there was Mrs. Breen, who said in a rich brogue: 'Shure, things is so dear an' that bye of mine costs a mint! Ye know, he got hit in the mout' with a ball an' lost his two front teet' an' I took him down to Dr. Stone on Eight' Avenyah an' he put two gold teet' in and charged me $18. An' shure, last Easter Sundah (a year ago, if ye don't mind) when Johnny was goin' to mass, the two teet' fell out—they weren't gold at all, but tin!' Nevertheless, in spite of the tin teeth, Mrs. Breen came across for the fund, to aid boys a little older than her Johnny, fighting for her and Johnny, too.

"I mustn't forget the little mother who asked us to hold the baby while she ran downstairs to get 'something' for the fund, she said, from her husband," the story goes on. "We had walked up four flights of stairs, but we consented to hold the baby. In a few minutes she was back and nearly bowled us over by giving us a check for $100!"

SO it goes, all along the line. From little earthenware teapots, from behind loose bricks in country chimneys, from long-piled-up savings in banks, comes the steady stream of gold—the people's hard-wrung gold—to keep you on your job, and to keep you happy and well while you are on it. In one instance hardworking shipbuilders gave up their Saturday half-holiday to work, and turned over all their overtime pay thus earned to the Red Cross. In another—

But why go on? Everywhere the people are giving, giving, lending, lending, lending to further your cause and theirs; giving and lending as no nation has ever given or loaned before. Everywhere that giving and lending means a sacrifice of comforts and luxuries; in a vast majority of cases it means a sacrifice of real necessities. But it is done cheerfully, exultantly—by the charwoman and the day laborer ten times more than the society lady and the Wall Street magnate—because it is done for the securing of that Freedom which you have been called upon to defend. And it will continue to be so done to the end.

"Where does the money come from?" It comes from the heart and soul of all America.

A FIELD NOTE BOOK

"In America," remarked the interpreter, "you buy your firewood dressed. Over here as often as not, we buy it on the hoof."

He was leading the battalion supply officer through a little wood adjacent to a billeting town.

"Our trees are numbers 50 and 58—price 30 francs," he continued.

He looked at several tree trunks to get the run of the numbers blazed on them.

"Here we are—these two. Send a squad out at 1 p.m. and the mayor will turn them over to you. By buying on the hoof, you get your wood ever so much cheaper."

A town in ruins from shell fire. Not a roof left in the place; not an unbroken pane of glass. A sign at the outskirts of the village was the sole reminder of sunnier days. It read:

"GIPSIES MUST NOT CAMP HERE."

"ONCE UPON A TIME"

A SUGGESTION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I have read in your valuable paper, from time to time, articles on the necessity for saluting and saluting properly, and because I believed you were "in the know" about it, I have tried to live up to the sentiments contained in them. But, as you must admit, the variety of persons now in France who wear something closely approximating an American officer's uniform and general getup makes it at times mighty hard to tell who is entitled to the salute and who isn't.

You know how it is: You knew what the salute stands for and value it as such; consequently, you don't like to hand it out to people—no matter how much respect you may have for them and their institutions—who are not strictly entitled to it. An enlisted man's salute, as you lay it down, is a sign of solemn allegiance to the United States—to the freely chosen President of the United States, from whom the officer saluted draws his authority by commission. When you salute anyone else, it becomes a mere sort of howdyedo greeting, it seems to me, and thus loses its significance.

Thinking that way about it, I can't help feeling sort of—well, sort of funny when I find I have saluted, say, a Red Cross officer or a war correspondent. It's usually the Sam Browne belt or the seal on the garrison cap that throws me off the scent; in bad light it is oftentimes hard to tell whether or not the shoulder bars and collar ornaments are there. Oh, of course there's no harm done, but when there's a right way and a wrong way of doing things, you naturally like to do them the right way.

Might I, as a humble member of the A.E.F., suggest, in order to keep the salute at its full face value, and in order to do away with misunderstandings and cases of mistaken identity, that:

The wearing of the Sam Browne belt be restricted to duly commissioned officers; and that the seal, with the eagle arrows and all, be worn on the garrison caps of officers alone?

The belt and the seal are the quickest things to recognize, the things which most men go by in offering salutes. If their wear could be restricted to the "saluteable" people only, it would clear up the situation for lots of men, among them

Yours respectfully,
PERPLEXED.

THE TRAINS AGAIN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Someone has inquired as to the why of the absence of letters from or mention of the Ammunition Trains.

All right, Gwendolyn. Here goes.

I think I can answer the question of the letters, but the absence of mention of us is probably because the A.E.F. doesn't know yet what an Ammunition Train really is or does.

Nobody in the Train has any time to write except on Saturday afternoons and after taps, and the afternoons are taken up writing home, and who wants to write to a newspaper after taps?

What are we doing all the rest of our time? Well, the first thing when we drive—I mean walk—into a town is to get settled; then we proceed to haul out all the manure for the inhabitants; then we dig up our street cleaning outfits. Oh, yes, we carry them with us; they are part of our equipment. I don't know where we got them, but they're here, just the same.

When that job is finished (we have a white wing department that works every day) if it is nice and muddy, we take long strolls over the country roads ensemble with a lieutenant as guide, and sometimes we are permitted to take along all our earthly possessions and all the rifle ammunition we can carry. "Ain't that nice?" And when we get away out about three or six kilometers, we discover that we have to be back for dinner and we have to speed up to about 160 per, and most anyone in the A.E.F. knows it is fun carrying all your possessions, with a rifle and 100 rounds of ammunition. Oh, yes, they gave us rifles, but they haven't told us what to shoot at as yet.

As I was saying, we take these strolls twice a day when there is nothing easier to do. Of course, everyone does or should know that all well regulated Ammunition Trains haul their German "pizen" after dark, so that doesn't interfere with the other sports.

Since we turned the clock up, we have an extra hour to get back to the soil by helping the natives plow and plant *pommes de terre* and other fruit. Oh, well, I guess if we didn't keep busy, we would get homesick, and, anyway, we have gotten used to it now, as we have been over here now—let's see—about three years and a half, I think.

I will add that as soon as we get a village cleaned up nice and get acquainted with the population, we change our minds about wanting to live there, and we pull out and find a new town that needs policing.

When this war is over, we are going to take contracts for cleaning up towns and villages, for we will be experts then.

Outside of all this, we are very well satisfied. A German avion decided (after a little persuasion) that he ought to alight over here, and the inconsiderate devil, instead of coming down close in, had to drop about three miles away, and as all the taxicabs are busy, we had to walk out to pay him our disrespects.

I am getting away from my subject, but as this is a "kings and cabbages" story, I guess I can write about a mile or two. How do I find so much time to write? Oh, I am one of the exclusive set—in other words, I'm one of the guys who get tired of sleeping at an unreasonably early hour and get out and make a lotta noise with a horn adopted in the service by some one who never tried to blow one. So you see I have a few minutes to spare while waiting for the time to blow first call, and, do you know, some of the fellers beat me up, thus depriving me of the pleasure of waking them up? But, of course, in all well regulated outfits there are those who are always taking the joy out of life.

Just a few words for THE STARS AND STRIPES and I will blow taps over this letter.

We have read papers and papers, and real papers, having lived in the United States years ago, but we want to hand it to THE STAR AND STRIPES, for we think it is the livest paper on the English speaking press (having never read the other languages) and we are all strong for it, and the folks at home like it "bokoo." Now please don't steal any of Wallgren's space for this letter, for we must have that by all means.

Port arms—dismissed!
ERNEST Y. STRONG, — Am. Tn.

YOU BET IT'S RIGHT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I need a little information and as THE STARS AND STRIPES seems to cover everything connected with the A.E.F. I am in hopes you can answer this directly or in the columns of our paper.

The case is this: I have just received a letter from home saying that my mother is proudly displaying a service flag because "yours truly" is with the A.E.F. in France. As I happen to be only a Field Clerk instead of an officer or enlisted man in the Army, I am wondering if it is right to let her display this flag. Of course, she didn't know the difference when I came home shortly before leaving for France with my uniform, collar ornaments, etc.; in fact, I had an idea myself, then, that I belonged to the Army.

Since I have learned, however, that there is to be no service stripe or other official recognition for Army Field Clerks, and that our true status is only that of militarized civilian, I don't like to be masquerading at home as a soldier. I would appreciate it very much if you can tell me if my information regarding the satus of Field Clerks is correct; and if it is, I will make another effort to enlist in some branch of the service.

For about two weeks around the first of last August, I worked night and day to get my business straightened up, so I could report at the recruiting station and get down at Camp Bowie with my outfit—a guard regiment of Infantry with which I had served two enlistments some years ago and in which I had many friends. But it didn't get me anything, for when I did report the officer in charge kindly but firmly called attention to a defect in my left eye which he said wouldn't allow him to use me at all. I got the same rebuff from the Regulars and the Marine Corps and after that didn't have the heart to bother the Navy office.

Some days later, I fell for a little notice in the paper to the effect that six Army Field Clerks were needed immediately at a certain post, and when a friend told me that Field Clerks were a part of the service and went with troops in the field, I said goodbye to my office and beat it on the next train. A few hours later, being an expert stenographer, I made a hit with my C.O.-to-be, had taken the oath to stick on the job for the duration of the war, and was informed that I was subject to the rules and articles of war.

My draft number had not been called, and at that time the Government's policy that nearly every young man could do something in the service had not been formed, and the Field Clerk job looked like my only chance.

I believe that there are a number of other men like myself in the Field Clerk Corps, and if we are not in the Army, I think we should be given an opportunity to enlist.

I would certainly like to have an expression from you on this matter, if such a course would be proper on the part of the official organ of the A.E.F. Of course, it doesn't make so much difference, if a man is doing his best, where he is placed, but I surely would like to feel that I am in the Army.

LANDON J. HEARD, A.F.C.

[The Adjutant General of the Army has held that Army Field Clerks and Field Clerks, Q.M.C., constitute a part of the military establishment, their status being that of officers in the military service, although not commissioned officers. Such being the case, the mother of a Field Clerk in service in France is clearly entitled to display a service flag. Mr. Heard and all his fellow Field Clerks are in the Army, then, and doing a very necessary work; they are an important cog in the military machine, and every A.F.C. who is doing his best on the job, is "doing his damnedest" for his country at a time when every ounce of energy is needed in the fight for freedom and right.—EDITOR.]

TRIBUTE

There's tumultuous confusion a-comin' down the road,
An' the camouflage don't nearways hide the dust,
An' it ain't no flock of camions, though some's carryin' a load
(I guess the provos winked—or got it fust).
But now it's comin' closer, you can tell 'em by the roar—
It's the Umpty Second Infantry, a-goin' in once more.

Oh, they've met the Hun at the length of a gun,
And they know what he is and they mind what he's done,
So that's why they sing as they slog to more fun!
You doughboys, you slowboys,
Here's luck, an' let her go, boys—
We like you, Infantry.

Now us in the Artillery don't live no life of ease,
Nor yet particularly security,
For the present that Fritz sends us one can't dodge behind the trees,
Unless trees was much thicker than they be.
But we know our lot is doughnuts, Orders Home and Gay Paree
To what you march to singing, Umpty Second Infantry.

Oh, there's numerous blanks in your company ranks,
But there's two in the Boches' for one in the Yanks',
An' all that he guv, you returned him with thanks,
You doughboys, you slowboys,
Here's luck, and let her go, boys—
We like you, Infantry.

F.M.H.D., F.A.

UP TO THE J.A.G.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I have read with interest the discussions in your excellent paper concerning the question of Army Field Clerks being permitted to wear the war service chevron.

To date, however, I notice that no one has quoted the opinion of the Adjutant General of the Army in his memorandum of September 18, 1917, of which the following is an extract:

"Par. 14. As Army Field Clerks and Field Clerks, Quartermaster Corps, constitute a part of the military establishment, campaign badges may be issued to them at cost price for services rendered by them in campaign as officers or enlisted men."

To my mind, this seems to settle the question and I pass it along for what it may be worth.

J. ROLAND FOLLMER, A.F.C.

[Campaign badges and the war service chevron are things apart. The Adjutant General of the Army has ruled that Field Clerks can wear the former, but the J.A.G. of the A.E.F. has not yet given his decision as to the right of Field Clerks to wear the war service chevron, and his ruling, as we understand it, will settle the question.—Editor.]